

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A MYSTERY SOLVED

(Original.)

In 1880 I went to Chicago to live and purchased a dwelling house on what is called the north side. A house that had stood on the same lot had been burned in the great fire of 1871, the one I bought having been built two years later.

I made the acquaintance of Lloyd Churchill (the names in this story are all assumed) a steady, religious young man, and I invited him to dine with me. Churchill, I understood, had lost his sweetheart, Aline Haight, during the Chicago fire, she having been among the missing after that great conflagration. I noticed during the dinner that Churchill was very much depressed, and later, when we were alone together, he told me that the house which had stood on the ground I now lived on had belonged to David Piggott, the only man he had feared as a rival for the love of Aline Haight. From what Churchill told me I gathered that Piggott was a wild fellow, and Miss Haight was a mild feminine type of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," now impressed by the plecty of Churchill and now led away by the reckless pleasure loving Piggott. There was a mystery connected with Miss Haight's disappearance in this—that Piggott was also among the missing after the fire.

Churchill never married. He died in 1895, I being with him at the time of his death, for I had become much attached to him.

"I am going to Aline," he said, "I have always believed that she and Piggott were together on that terrible night, that he held her for the time being under his influence, but that she died true to me."

A few years after Churchill's death there were a number of burglaries in Chicago, especially in my neighborhood, and I never went to bed without fearing for what valuables I kept in the house. Among other things I had a great deal of old silver and jewels that had come to me by inheritance from different branches of my family. Since I had no use for either I determined to have a vault made in my cellar for their keeping. One morning I went down there to pick out a place for my vault. In a recess so dark that I was obliged to use a candle I examined the wall closely and noticed a line forming a rectangle about five feet high by three feet wide. I tapped the wall within this rectangle, and instead of giving the sound of stone it gave the sound of iron. Thinking it might be a

door, I looked for a keyhole, but found none. Procuring a hammer, I tapped upon different places till, striking a certain spot, there was a click, and what really turned out to be a door sprung outward about an inch. With my fingers I pulled it open.

What was beyond I could not see, for all was as dark as Erebus. The dank, musty smell was certainly uninviting. I held the candle inside and caught a confused view of what made me start away from the opening, and I didn't pause before I had reached the other end of the cellar. But curiosity soon got the better of terror, and I went back. This time I bent my head and entered the space that lay beyond the door.

It was a handsomely furnished apartment, though the hangings were dropping to pieces and the carpets eaten away in spots. In the center was a table, on which were dishes and traces of a supper, though only traces. On a divan lay the skeleton of two women in the costume of young persons. They were locked in each others' arms. On the floor was the skeleton of a man and in an easy chair that of another.

I staggered to the doorway and recovered my equilibrium in the cellar. Then again my curiosity drove me back.

On the table lay a folded piece of paper which had evidently been torn from the back of a letter. On it was written:

Monday morning, Oct. 3, 1871.
We, two young girls and two young men, came here last night. Something has occurred to bar the opening of our door, and we are imprisoned.

DAVID PIGGOTT,
ARTHUR HUNT,
ALINE HAIGHT,
EDITH TURNER.

I stood successively before each skeleton to examine it. In the hand of one of the girls I noticed that the bony fingers clasped a piece of paper. I took it out and on it read:

Lloyd—if you ever get this it is to tell you that I have yielded to temptation, but I die sure that if I could live it would be always for you and the good, sparing the evil.

ALINE.

I accounted for the causes leading to this singular scene in this wise:

Piggott must have been full of those absurdities that we often find in youth. The fitting up of this place, which was doubtless more fascinating because it was a secret; the bringing of his friends here to a supper party on that memorable Sunday night before the great fire, could only have been conceived by one with wild fancies, extreme recklessness and no principle. Shut in under ground, they had not heard the trumpet above until the house fell and closed their egress. They must have lived as long as their supper lasted, for there was ventilation into a chimney that was left standing.

What did I do? Procured a supply of stone and mortar and with my own hands walled up the opening.

JOHN B. ARMSTRONG.

TO REORGANIZE CHINA.

Prodigious Scheme Proposed by Sir Robert Hart.

RUSO-JAPANESE WAR HIS TEXT.

Whatever the Peace Conditions May Be, He Urges That It Is Absolutely Necessary For China to Be Protected Against the Issue of the War. How He Would Reconstruct Army and Navy.

The North China Herald prints a translation of the memorial submitted by Sir Robert Hart, inspector general of customs in China, to the throne at Peking. Even before this remarkable document, which proposes nothing less than the complete reorganization of every branch of the government of the Middle Kingdom, was publicly known it had been severely criticized by the viceroys to whom it had been sent for consideration.

Taking as his text the Russo-Japanese war and the necessary implication of China in whatever conditions of peace may be agreed to, Sir Robert urges that it is absolutely necessary for the empire to be strengthened against issue of the conflict.

Funds, he declares, being the prime desideratum for any scheme of reform, he presents a detailed computation showing that a reorganization of the land taxes may be made to yield a revenue of 400,000,000 taels (about \$275,000,000) a year without pressing severely on the population.

With this sum he suggests, in the first place, an improvement and reconstruction of the land forces on the basis of four army corps, each composed of 50,000 regular troops. Adding the cost of ammunition, the expenses of four military academies and the pay of two classes of reserves, he arrives at a total estimate under this heading of some 50,000,000 taels. For the navy he contemplates the construction of three fleets, each composed of ten large and ten smaller warships, ten first class torpedo boats and ten smaller ones. The programme should, he thinks, be distributed over three years and with the maintenance of ten naval academies would involve an annual charge of 30,000,000 taels. Four arsenals he puts down at 10,000,000 taels per annum.

But these thoroughgoing projects of military and naval reorganization are not all. Sir Robert next proposes to

overhaul the civil administration and calculates that every official can be paid a fixed salary, which will relieve him from the "necessity of extorting money from the people under his jurisdiction," at an aggregate annual outlay of 100,000,000 taels.

He further advises that 10,000,000 taels be spent every year in establishing modern schools and 1,000,000 taels for the support of the postoffice. At present the telegraph service absorbs 5,000,000 taels, and he concludes his budget with an item of 10,000,000 taels for "palace expenses." In this way he gets a total state expenditure of 278,000,000 taels, which would leave a balance of 122,000,000 taels from the hypothetical land tax. "This amount," he says, "may be placed in reserve to meet emergencies, or it may be used at various times upon important schemes which shall be beneficial to the empire and the masses."

KINDLY DOGS OF WAR.

Russian Scheme to Aid Wounded Men on the Battlefield.

The latest movement of the Russians to provide further aid for their wounded, which is badly needed, is the utilization of dogs, says the New York World.

The German emperor has presented three Scotch sheep dogs which have been trained in ambulance work to the Russian Dog Breeders' association, and after they have been tested they will be sent to the far east.

It is also intended by the association to reach a number of animals to be of assistance, either by remaining at the side of a wounded man when they have found him and attracting the attention of the ambulance by barking, or by going silently in search of the ambulance corps and conducting it to the spot where the wounded man is lying.

Each animal is to carry a wallet strapped on his back containing bandages, restoratives and water, thus following the old custom of the hospice at St. Bernard.

STATE LINES.

Tennessee's state pension list is now full, the total number on the rolls being 2,202, and the board can add new names only in place of those who may die. The amount paid by the state in pensions last year was \$200,220.

Alum is one of the latest mineral substances of value to be added to the list credited to Colorado. A blanket deposit, four feet thick and of great width, has been discovered a few miles east of Florence, and it is pronounced to be of high commercial quality. This is the first discovery of alum in Colorado.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

D. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Redness, and all Skin Diseases, and every blemish of the face. It is the best of its kind, and its use is a pleasure. It is sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

PREPARED BY D. T. FELIX GOURAUD, Proprietor, 27 Great Jones St., N. Y.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Dr. Rebecca Lee Dorsey, who claims lineal descent from Robert Bruce, is practicing medicine in Los Angeles.

The youngest woman's college president in the United States is Mary Emma Woolley of Mount Holyoke. She is thirty-six years of age.

Miss Nellie Woolrich of San Francisco has established a reputation as a bookbinder in London and is said to be making steady progress toward fame as a designer of bindings.

Miss Lizzie Hoffman of Anthony, N. J., after ten years of work, has just finished a bedquilt composed of 13,000 pieces of silk, every piece of silk having been secured from a different bride's hat.

Miss Alla L. Dawes of Massachusetts, daughter of the late Senator Dawes, is the fourth vice president of the board of world's fair lady managers at St. Louis. Miss Dawes has written some able treatises on political economy.

Florence Nightingale, the world famous English nurse, lives at the home of Sir E. Verney in London. She is in feeble health at the age of seventy-three. She was one of the advisers of the organization of the International Red Cross society.

Miss Lizzie McCarty of Marion, Ind., has the distinction of having been married six times in nine years. She has just been divorced and has assumed her maiden name. The longest she lived with any one of her husbands was two years.

Mrs. Amelia Hewes Woods of Somerville, Mass., is known as the Grand Old Woman of the W. C. T. U. in the old Bay State. For twenty years she has been president of the local organization at Somerville. She is still active and zealous in the work.

BASE HITS.

Ed Gremlinger, with the Boston Nationals last year, now with Detroit, is playing the game of his career at third.

Detroit critics say that Pitcher Rhoades is a ringer in action for the once great Jim McCormick of Cleveland.

Jimmy Sebring is not in love with baseball life and says he will go into other business as soon as he has acquired sufficient capital for his purpose.

Kellum, who was with Collins in Boston three years ago and last year with the Indianapolis team, has won the first three games he has pitched for Cincinnati.

Byers, the St. Louis Nationals' new catcher, is as broad from every rear elevation as Bill Schriver of slow movement fame. Peitz is syphilis-like in comparison.

Manager Nichols, St. Louis Nationals, declares that it is still too early to think of cutting down his team. He is carrying twenty-one men, five of whom are catchers.

Not only is Cy Seymour of Cincinnati performing better on fly balls this season than he did a year ago, but he also shows marked improvement in his handling of grounders.

Manager McGraw enters an emphatic denial to the report that there is dissatisfaction in the ranks of the New York Nationals. Everything is running smoothly, he says.

Buried by Government.

In certain Swiss cantons all dead people, rich as well as poor, are buried at the public expense. Coffins and all funeral necessities are furnished by government undertakers.

The Old Sulphur Matches.

The first sulphur matches, now upward of a century old, appear very awkward according to our modern ideas of convenience. They were known as "spunks" and varied in length from five to seven inches. These were generally packed in bundles of a dozen tied together with bits of straw.

The "BEST" Incandescent Vapor Gas Light.

The cheapest and strongest light on earth. Makes its own gas. It is portable, hangs in any place. Requires no pipes, wires or gas machine. A safe, pure white, powerful, steady light. Approved by Fire Insurance Underwriters.

100 Candle Power 15 Hours for Two Cents.

No wicks to trim, no smoke or smell. No chimneys to clean, superior to electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. Saving effected by its use quickly pays for it. Great variety of fixtures for indoor and outdoor use. This is the Pioneer Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp. It is perfect. Beware of imitations.

There are More "BEST" LAMPS in use than ALL other makes combined.

Every Lamp WARRANTED.

Sold BY G. W. MOREHOUS, Barre, Vt.

ANECDOTES OF KNOX.

Glimpses of the Late Senator Quay's Successor.

ARDENT LOVER OF HORSEFLESH.

An Instance in Which He Displayed His Nerve by Saving His Life and That of His Horses in a Runaway. How He Confused a Quack Doctor. A Little Joke.

Philaander Chase Knox, the United States attorney general, who has been selected to fill the seat in the United States senate made vacant by the death of Matthew S. Quay, has been described as a dapper little man, and the description fits him in every ordinary particular, says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. He is small of stature, almost a dandy in dress and a sportsman in tastes. He loves good horses, good hunting and fishing, and small as he is, he is ready to engage in battle either physically or mentally. He has good nerve.

He has always been a lover of good horseflesh, and his horses are his friends. He has risked his life with them on a number of occasions, going with them to save them from injury when it seemed certain death rather than abandon them to save himself.

On one occasion, shortly before he became attorney general, he was driving his famous pair of registered trotters in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. It was a cold, crisp morning, and the spirited animals were in fine fettle. They were bowling along the road at a 2:20 gait when a reckless driver tried to pass Mr. Knox. In his effort to do so he whipped his horses into a run and went by the high bred trotters of Mr. Knox like a whirlwind, flourishing his whip and shouting like a demon.

He repeated this performance until Mr. Knox was no longer able to hold in his horses. They left their feet and ran away. They went down the boulevard at terrific speed, and the light road wagon was not even heavy enough to steady them. Mr. Knox could not pull them down.

He had to let them run, and he did so for several miles, but as he neared the city and saw the certainty of their being killed by running into the network of street cars and trucks his mind began to work quickly and calmly in finding a way to save his horses. He knew, as a fact, that there was a stone pile by the side of the road near the railroad crossing, and he knew by instinct that the horses would not run into that stone pile even if he tried to pull them that way, but would shy and overturn the wagon with him in it. He reasoned surely and acted quickly. As he neared the stone pile he pulled the frightened horses toward it. They did just what he expected them to do. As they neared the stone pile they shied, and the sudden turn upset the wagon, throwing Mr. Knox about twenty feet, where he struck, not on his head, but on his arm, which he had thrown over his head as a shield, for he had planned the whole incident, even to how he would fall, and relied on the heavy fur overcoat worn to protect him from serious injury. The horses stopped when the wagon overturned, and they were saved from death or serious injury in the crowded streets of the city.

Once, when Mr. Knox was a young man, he had a case to conduct against a quack doctor, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. It was his purpose to prove the doctor quite ignorant of medicine, and the means he adopted to do this were ingenious and effective. Getting the man on the stand, he began:

"You used, sir, on my client here, when he called you in, all the most modern and approved methods?"

"Certainly, certainly," the witness replied.

"You made all needful amputations?"

"No less than nine, sir."

"Did you decapitate the man?"

"I did."

"And you performed the Caesarean section operation?"

"To be sure."

"Now about the postmortem. Did you hold the usual postmortem?"

"Of course I did. In fact, I held two postmortems."

"Very good. That will do," said Mr. Knox. And the young attorney had no difficulty in winning his case against the quack.

Mr. Knox is a man who always has the right word at his command at the right time, and his "pat" expressions are famous, says the Washington Post. He is also a golf enthusiast and a devotee to good tobacco. One afternoon when the weather was "just right for a game" Mr. Knox set out for the links near Washington, taking as his companion a well known newspaper man, likewise an enthusiast and a smoker. When they had driven well out from town Mr. Knox discovered that he had no cigars with him, but his companion had a beautiful supply, which furnished apparent satisfaction for both during the rest of the afternoon. As they were driving back to town the supply of cigars became exhausted, and as he threw away his last stump Mr. Knox turned to his friend, saying:

"Jerry, what is the name of those cigars we have been smoking?" The name was furnished.

"Well," said he in a manner well known to his friends, "a man could smoke them for all time and never violate the instructions of his physician to leave tobacco alone."

"P. C. Knox was neatly taken in by a bunch of witty law students in Pittsburgh about eleven years ago," said a well known member of the Allegheny county bar at the courthouse recently to a reporter of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"Phil Knox was not the only sucker either," confessed the speaker, "for Dave Watson, Clarence Burleigh and two dozen other leading lights in the local law firmament bit on the game. Of course it was not done with malice, but in the most friendly spirit, and those who swallowed the bait were afterward put next. They took the matter good naturedly, for they realized that they had helped push a good cause along. You see, the law students had organized a baseball team, but funds had run out. In order to replenish the treasury they furnished each of their thirty members with a separate subscription list. All the lists were exactly alike, and each member was coached to make the same line of talk. Thirty of the leading attorneys were selected, and each student was assigned to submit his paper and the prearranged hot air to some one of these lawyers. Thus each person approached had an idea that he was heading a subscription list, and he came up handsomely. Mr. Knox cheerfully headed the paper for \$50. Mr. Watson headed another sheet for a similar sum. When the ball players met that night they turned into the treasury a sum that was simply astounding."

While a practicing attorney Mr. Knox was one of the busiest lawyers in America. A few years ago he was much put out because he had to accept a fee of \$50,000, says the Washington Post. A friend met him as he was leaving the office, and he was swearing and swearing with piratical vigor.

"What's it all about this time?" asked the friend, who was used to his ways and not much concerned over the outburst.

"I have been knocked out of a trip to Egypt."

"Whew! That's worse than I thought. What did it?"

"My folks want me to make an argument in a case, and I told them I could not be here. They told me to fix my price, and I said \$50,000, thinking that would put them out of mind. It did not. They took me up, and my plans are all upset."

"Well, I guess you can stand to have your plans busted," dryly remarked the friend as he wondered if there was any other lawyer in the world who could be made mad by being forced to accept \$50,000.

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Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one-half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. Glover, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

CHURCH WITH ROOF GARDEN.

Plans of Evangelists to Attract the Young and Old.

A church that will be as attractive as a theater is the object of the efforts of a Chicago evangelist, the Rev. Charles Reigh Scoville, says the Cosmopolitan Magazine. The church is the Metropolitan Church of Christ. During the coming summer a large roof garden on top of the structure will be open nightly part of the time for services and part of the time for concerts. In the main auditorium indoors there is a theater stage, with a capacity of 110 singers, where concerts also will be given.

The roof garden is explained to be an attempt to solve the problem of attracting young people to church and of holding the older members during the summer months. Besides a chorus choir and a Sunday school orchestra the church has a Metropolitan male chorus, a Metropolitan brass band and a glaze club called the Winona, which travels for a lyceum bureau under the direction of the musical director of the church. All these musical bodies will give sacred concerts on the roof garden on certain nights during the week.

The church roof garden will be made as attractive as its secular prototype, plants, ferns and palms being used in profusion. Above the garden will be a steel roof, supported by posts, which will be so arranged that the whole can be inclosed by heavy wire screens to protect the audience from insects that the lights might attract.

Medals For Chicago Public Schools.

Thomas Brennan, the oldest member of the board of education, did not forget the educational system of Chicago in the division of his property, says the Chicago Record-Herald. In the will filed for probate \$900 is given to the board to be held in trust, the interest to be applied to the purchase of medals. These medals are to be presented to the schools which show the greatest proficiency in reading, writing, arithmetic and history of the United States. To the following schools, however, are restricted the benefits of the fund: Brennan, Doolittle, McAllister, Douglas, Myra, Bradwell, Jones and Madison avenue.

Canned Fruit Juice.